

## SANTO DOMINGO AND THE U. S.

### How General Grant Would Have Disposed of Islands.

Could President Grant have had his way in the early days of his first administration, Santo Domingo, in all probability, would long since have been a part of the Union under some form or another. Baez, who was then President of the Dominican Republic, had signed a protocol, by the terms of which we were to obtain possession of Samana Bay, which was then, as it is now of immense strategic importance. The negotiations with Baez were carried on through General Babcock, one of the presidents private secretaries. About this time many of the Republican leaders became dissatisfied with Grant's policy, and sought to break down his administration, so that he would fail of a renomination. With this end in view the Liberal Republican party was organized. Behind it were some of the most influential Republican newspapers in the country. Immediately upon the announcement of the Samana Bay transaction a loud cry of jobbery and corruption was raised. It was directed mainly against General Babcock, and it was insinuated that the President himself was not wholly innocent. It was an outrageous charge. Grant did not pay the least attention to it, although he keenly felt the attack upon his honor and honesty.

Charles Sumner was then one of the great leaders of the Republican party in the Senate. He was chairman of the Foreign Committee and assumed to dictate the policy and the administration, particularly in regard to the settlement of the Alabama claims against England. Sumner disliked Grant. He disliked all soldiers and believed that they should be in camps, not in cabinets.

Hamilton Fish was Grant's Secretary of State. Sumner and he belonged to entirely different schools of statesmanship, and that naturally made another point of conflict with Grant. Mr. Fish resented the interference of the Massachusetts Senator in the conduct of his department, and at length the war came. It was over Santo Domingo. Sumner thundered in the Senate. He seemed to imagine himself to be a second Edmund Burke, impeaching Warren Hastings. He inveighed against Grant and Fish as the despoilers of a sister Republic, conspiring with her corrupt officials to rob her of her territory against the will of her people. Mr. Sumner took the further ground that the annexation of any part of Santo Domingo was, or would be a "crime" against the back race, the blacks of Dominica the blacks of the United States. He had a theory that all the West India Islands would, or should, in time become members of a great black republic, modeled after that of the United States. The idea was not entirely original with him. Sumner was a very deep student of Thomas Jefferson's writings, and in them he found the suggestion of his black nation, with the internal concerns of which the whites would have nothing to do.

Sumner's heavy blows in the Senate together with the savage attacks in the Liberal Republican newspapers, were beginning to tell on the country. To counteract the unfavorable impression that was being made, the stalwart Republican friends of Grant conceived the idea of sending an imposing commission to Santo Domingo for the purpose of investigating the situation and ascertaining whether the charges of corruption against Babcock were true, and whether as Sumner declared so loud and persistently, that the Dominican people were unanimously opposed to the cession of Samana. The composition of this committee was splendid from every point of view. It consisted of the men of the very highest standing of their particular lines of life. First of all, there was Senator Benjamin F. Wade, of Ohio as honest a man as ever lived. His devotion to Republicanism could not be called in question. He was one of the great leaders in the Senate, a radical of the radicals.

The two other members of the commission were Andrew D. White, the President of Cornell University at the time and the eminent philanthropist and educator of the blind. Dr. Samuel G. Howe, of Boston. It would have been hard in that day to select three men whose report would



"GUESS who it is?" The mother knows the touch of the soft hands too well to need to guess, and for the moment she enters into the playful spirit of the child and forgets her toil and weariness. Then a sudden movement sends a thrill of pain through her and she realizes that though love may lighten labor it cannot lighten pain. Thousands of women who have suffered from backache, headache, and other consequences of womanly disease, have been made well by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It establishes regularity, dries unhealthy drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness.

"I cannot say enough in praise of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription as it has done me so much good," writes Mrs. Henry Barrett, of Tabor, N. C. "Box 100. 'I was swollen so I could hardly walk when I began taking the 'Favorite Prescription.' I also had uterine trouble and could neither eat nor sleep only as I took morphine. Tried four different doctors and they all failed to do me any good, so one of my friends recommended your 'Favorite Prescription' to me and I took only three bottles and am now well and hearty. Can do almost any kind of work."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the most desirable laxative for delicate women.

carry more weight with the people. With them was associated as secretary, Frederick A. Douglas, the most eloquent black man that the world has ever seen. It was a commission to which neither Mr. Sumner nor anyone else could make the least objection. But that was not all. A big man-of-war detailed by the Secretary of the Navy to take the commission to Santo Domingo and the request of every newspaper that applied for admission to send a representative to the island was complied with. No discrimination was made on account of politics. Journals the most antagonistic to the administration were in this respect placed on the same plain as those which were its foremost advocates and supporters. A larger body of newspaper men never before and not since sailed in one party for a foreign country. In all they numbered about seventy, representing every leading paper in the Union. It was in every way on the part of Grant's administration a magnificent effort to get at the truth and to let the country know.

And at the end of three months the commission returned and made report to the President in a good-sized volume which was printed by direction of Congress. They found against Mr. Sumner and the slanderers of the administration upon every count in the indictment. There was no corruption, no bribery, no fraud. Not only were the Dominicans in favor of giving Samana Bay and its peninsula to the United States, but they were earnest in their offer of the entire republic. They clamored for annexation. Satisfied with the vindication of his administration, General Grant took no further interest in the project.

**Cancer Cured!!**  
Mr. W. W. Prickett, Smithfield, Ill., writes, Sept., 10th, 1901. "I had been suffering several years with a cancer on my face, which gave me great annoyance and unbearable itching. I was using Ballard's Snow Liniment for a sore leg and though, an accident, I rubbed some of the liniment on the cancer, and as it gave me almost instant relief, I decided to continue to use the liniment on the cancer. In a short time the cancer came out, my face healed up and there is not the slightest scar left. I have implicit faith in the merits of this preparation, and it cannot be too highly recommended." 25c, 50c, and \$1. For sale by J. H. Williams, druggists.

The general Assembly will deserve well if it does actually defeat the gross political jobbery involved in the bill to create a new judicial district for Breathitt county. The Hargis-Redwine combination is a little too much for even the present administration to thrust upon the State.

**Are You Restless at Night?**  
And harassed by a bad cough? Use Ballard's Horehound Syrup, it will secure you sound sleep and effect a prompt and radical cure. 25c 50c and \$1.00 bottle at J. H. Williams, druggists.

## A FALSE MASCOT

By Gwendolen Overton

King was giving a dinner in honor of his promotion. He was a first lieutenant now and had a fair chance of paying off some of his debts. Not that he was a young man of particularly extravagant habits, but a second lieutenant, be he married or single, is always more or less in debt. He is expected and forced by an unwritten law to make quite as good a showing as his colonel and to keep up quite as much of an appearance.

The dinner was a little unique. All the officers were to leave at 1 o'clock that morning on a scout. They were in their field clothes, at King's request, and had already the rough, unshaven look of men able and willing to do or dare anything. In the hall of King's bachelor quarters their felt scouting hats hung on the rack. On the porches of their own houses their mess kits, ready packed, stood waiting to be strapped upon the mules. Their clothing and bedding, wrapped in shelter tents and ponchos, were beside the chests.

Here in the dining room—lighted by a lamp which King had admired while on leave and had gone a month into debt to buy and another which in a fit of economy he had obtained from the quartermaster and which hung in uncomplimentary ugliness over the table—sat a company of twelve, women in evening gowns, strangely beautiful and modish in contrast to their surroundings, and men in uniforms very shiny at the seams, blue flannel shirts and top boots. They were cavalrymen and belonged to King's regiment. Their gait was not that of prisoners just before execution, although there was the chance that any one or possibly all of them might never come back alive. But when one has become used to going off every spring and sometimes every autumn to chase—how often in vain!—the wily red man one ceases to consider the possibilities of the outcome, and, besides, it is not often that officers are killed in Indian fights. There is frequently a pretty animated exchange of bullets, but the death list is not heavy.

Howbeit, there are exceptions to the rule. So these men, each one under a possible sentence of death, and these women, each one per chance to say goodbye forever to the man at her side, talked and laughed in utter carelessness, finding only an added zest in the rough clothing of the men and a little deeper interest in the plans they were laying for their camps and their discussions of the contents of the mess chests.

The dinner did not go off without a hitch. That was hardly to be expected in this faroff part of the world, a hundred or more miles from the nearest railroad, dependent on a commissary department and a sutler's for its supplies, but nothing mattered, and nothing was noticed.

After a time they all rose and went out on the porch, where the men smoked their cigars. They had not stayed at the table and sent the women into the parlor this time. They were army officers and preferred their feminine friends to their tobacco, and each one was glad to ignore a custom which made it the proper thing to deprive himself of the women for even so short a time. They were glad of the excuse which the coming party gave them of making the most of the few remaining hours.

The night was dully dark. The outlines of the foothills and the mountains beyond them could not be seen, but a flicker of light in the distance from some Indian signal fires told where they were. Coyotes were howling up by the graveyard. There was a sound of preparation in the barracks and occasionally the neigh of a horse at the stables.

The sergeant of the guard called out, "Ten o'clock!" and the officers made a movement to get their hats. There was still much to be done before the night march commenced. King sat on the railing of the porch talking to a woman who leaned against a post. He could not see her, but knew that her beautiful face was there close to his.

That was enough. He was asking for a promise before he should start off into the heavy darkness across the plains, but the woman had no wish to promise. She enjoyed King's uncertainty far too much. It would have been commonplace to be engaged—she had discovered that on previous occasions—but to have him for a suitor would not be so bad. He was handsome, manly, brave and her abject slave. Besides, if she were to bind herself she felt that this time with this man she would have to keep her word.

She laughed slowly as he continued to beg the promise. "I'll tell

you what I'll do. I will give you the next best thing to me—a picture of myself. I am always a mascot. My picture will be more of one. I will give it to you when you start. Of course we'll all be there to see you off. Now, remember," she said, "if my picture is with you no harm can come near."

In front of the commanding officer the officers halted before they started off. The women, still in their evening gowns, crowded around them to say goodbye. They could recognize faces only when the light from the commandant's windows fell upon them. Beyond that all was dark.

King waited for the mascot that had been promised him and was despairing when he felt something hard slipped between his fingers and heard a voice which seemed to come out of the inky air murmur, "Adios."

"Adios," he answered and followed the sound of the hoofs of his captain's horse.

In the midst of the chaparral, trotting slowly along with the column, he struck a match and looked at the bit of pasteboard in his hand. The light was uncertain, but he could make out a head and neck, and the eyes seemed to glitter. Then a gust of wind blew out the match, and a coyote yelped near by.

The rations were almost out, and orders were to return to the post for fresh supplies. King was happy at the prospect naturally. He drew out his mascot from time to time and looked at the beautiful face thereon, the lips half parted, the eyes glancing from under heavy lids. It was only a head, with masses of fluffy hair fading into the shaded background, but it was beautiful, perfect.

The twilight came on. They had marched all the afternoon. They were weary of chasing phantoms, of following useless trails. They passed through a pine forest, and the darkness deepened.

A creek at the bottom of a gully flowed along in the shadow of the pines. The column went down to it, listening to the sound of the rippling water. All else was quiet. No one spoke. The black wings of the pines, like a shadow of doom, lay over the troops.

A crack, a hiss, a bullet striking through flesh, a startled murmur, orders ringing on the air in the midst of the shots—then the soldiers returned the fire of their unseen foes. On all sides they were surrounded, but the gully was wide enough for a little maneuvering. The men got under the shelter of an abrupt rising of the bank and had only to defend themselves from three sides.

They were badly frightened—not as cowards, but as men who are fond of life and mean to sell it dearly. It was an ugly position, and not a few fell face downward in the dancing mountain stream. The only person who seemed completely to ignore the danger was King. A cigarette between his teeth, he strolled, with apparently utter carelessness, up and down under cover of the bullets of his men and in full range of the Indians hidden up above behind the tree trunks.

There was a sharp pain in his breast. He gave a little cry and fell, his head half buried in the pine needles.

The girl, when she heard of it from the dust stained courier, grew uneasy. She was afraid that her picture might be found on the body and that the man she had promised to marry—the middle aged colonel, who had great ideas of her constancy—might hear of it.

But he did not. There was a photograph found in King's pocket, but the bullet had plowed right through the face, and it was so smeared with blood as to be unrecognizable. It was sent back east to his family.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Nothing Equals Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

Dr. P. B. Spears, of Pinchard, Ala., has become acquainted with the good qualities of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and uses it in his own family and in his practice. He says: "It beats any preparation I have ever seen for all bowel complaints. I do not think of recommending any other, and also use it with any my children." This remedy is for sale by all druggists.

THIS IS A

## Presidential Year

And you will want to be reliably informed at all times on important questions, such as

PANAMA AND  
NICARAGUA CANAL,  
RECIPROCITY,  
PROTECTIVE TARIFFS.

And many other questions that the Congress of the United States is now considering. To get your facts straight and without bias or editorial opinion, it will be necessary for you to take a truthful Republican paper.

## The Louisville Herald,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Is that kind of a newspaper; published in the interests of all the people; it has grown to be a power in the State. You can secure a year's subscription to the Weekly Herald and THE REPUBLICAN for \$1.25

**OZMANLIS  
ORIENTAL  
SEXUAL  
PILLS**  
Sore, Prompt, Positive  
Cure for Impotence, Loss  
of Manhood, Seminal  
Emissions, Spermatorrhea,  
Nervousness, Self-Deception,  
Loss of Memory, etc. Will  
make you a STRONG, Vigor-  
ous Man. Price \$1.00, 50  
Cents, 25 Cents.  
Special Directions Mailed  
with each Box. Address  
Ballard Snow Liniment Co.,  
2010 Lucas Ave.,  
ST. LOUIS, MO.

**THE REPUBLICAN**  
is prepared to do  
your Job Printing in  
a first-class manner.  
Work as good as the  
best; and prices as  
cheap as the cheapest.  
Give us your order  
and be convinced.

Nothing has ever equalled it.  
Nothing can ever surpass it.  
**Dr. King's  
New Discovery**  
For CONSUMPTION  
Coughs and Colds  
A Perfect Cure: For All Throat and  
Lung Troubles.  
Money back if it fails. Trial Bottles free.

## Illinois Central Railroad--Time Table.

North Bound. South Bound.  
No. 132 due 5:30 a. m. No. 121 due 11:30 a. m.  
No. 102 due 2:47 p. m. No. 101 due 2:47 p. m.  
No. 122 due 12:32 p. m. No. 131 due 8:45 p. m.

## PROFESSIONAL.

C. M. BARNETT. C. E. SMITH  
**BARNETT & SMITH,  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
HARTFORD, KY.**

Will practice their profession in all the courts of Ohio and adjoining counties and Court of Appeals. Special attention given to all business connected with their care. Collections and the Practice of Criminal and Real Estate Law. Specialties. Office in Breuners Building.

**FRANK L. FELIX,  
Attorney at Law,  
HARTFORD, KY.**

Will practice his profession in Ohio and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals. Criminal practice and Collections a specialty. Office in the Herald building.

**JNO. B. WILSON,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
HARTFORD, KY.**

Special attention given to collections, making abstracts, etc., also Notary Public for Ohio county. Office north side public square.

**R. R. WEDDING  
Attorney at Law,  
HARTFORD, KY.**

Will practice in the State and Federal Courts. Prosecutes claims for Pensions, Etc. Collections promptly attended to. Also Notary Public for Ohio county. Office over Ohio County Bank.

M. L. HEAVIN. ERNEST WOODWARD  
**HEAVIN & WOODWARD,  
Attorneys at Law,  
HARTFORD, KY.**

Will practice their profession in all the Courts of Ohio and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals. Special attention given to criminal practice and collections. Office north side of Bank of Hartford.

**W. H. BARNES,  
Attorney at Law,  
AND COUNTY ATTORNEY.**

Will practice his profession in all the Courts of Ohio and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals. Strict attention will be given to business entrusted to his care. Collections promptly attended to. Office in courthouse.

**ROUGH RIVER  
TELEPHONE  
COMPANY**  
(INCORPORATED.)  
Talk being cheap and necessary, you should patronize home folks, where you can buy your own 'phones and build your own lines and be in talking distance with the whole county and business points generally by only paying a reasonable rent to the Rough River Telephone Company or they will be at the whole expense if you say so. We connect with all Independent Companies. For particulars, call on S. T. Stevens, Manager, Hartford, Ky.

## RHEUMATISM

and other ills produced by diseased kidneys can be cured. **ARGON OIL** is the remedy; its effect is marvelous, relieving almost instantly. Try it and if you are not satisfied your money will be cheerfully refunded.

Ask you Druggist. 25c 50c

## ARGON OIL CO.,

130 West Main St., Louisville, Ky.

**Do You Take Quinine?**  
It's 10 to 1 you do if you are a victim of malaria.  
Don't Do It. It's Dangerous.  
We'll admit it will cure malaria, but it leaves almost deadly after effects.  
**HERBINE**  
is purely vegetable and absolutely guaranteed to cure malaria, sick headache, biliousness, and all stomach, kidney and liver complaints.  
TRY IT TO-DAY.  
50 Cents a Bottle. All Druggists.  
For Sale by J. H. Williams, Hartford, Ky.

**To Cure a Cold in One Day**  
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Cures Grip in Two Days.  
Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signature, *E. W. Snow* on every box. 25c.